

TILLING NEW GROUND

REV. DR. TALMAGE PLEASED WITH HIS PRESENT WORK.

Special Attention Given In His Sermon to Skeptics—The Cause of Goethe's Irrigation—Fields of Usefulness Seldom Occupied by the Church.

NEW YORK, March 3.—Public interest in the services at the Academy of Music is something phenomenal. Although the arrangement is an innovation in religious methods in New York, both as to time and place, there is no church in the city to which so many people go or where so much eagerness to secure admission is displayed. The usual immense audience was present this afternoon to hear the famous preacher, Dr. Talmage's subject was "New Ground" and his text Romans xv, 20, "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation."

After, with the help of others, I had built three churches in the same city, and not feeling called upon to undertake the superhuman task of building a fourth church Providence seemed to point to this place as the field in which I could enlarge my work, and I feel a sense of relief amounting to exultation. Whereunto this work will grow I cannot prophesy. It is inviting and promising beyond anything I have ever touched. The churches are the grandest institutions this world ever saw, and their pastors have no superiors this side of heaven, but there is a work which must be done outside the churches, and to that work I join myself for awhile, "Lest I build on another man's foundation."

Service In the Open Field.

The church is a fortress divinely built. Now, a fortress is for defense, and for drill, and for storing ammunition, but an army must sometimes be on the march far outside the fortress. In the campaign of conquering this world for Christ the time has come for an advance movement, for a "general engagement," for massing the troops, for an invasion of the enemies' country. Confident that the forts are well manned by the ablest ministry that ever blessed the church, I propose, with others, for awhile, to join the cavalry and move out and on for service in the open field.

In laying out the plan for his missionary tour Paul, with more brain than any of his contemporaries or predecessors or successors, sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and sanhedrin were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has a special work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church, we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sunday school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this city is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and the whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the general cause of Christ. It is only as in an army, when a regiment is transferred from one division to another, or from the Fourteenth regiment to the Sixty-ninth regiment. What strengthens the army is new recruits.

This Is a Big World.

The fact is, this is a big world. When in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world. Since 6 o'clock this morning at least 80,000 have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the gospel. In England or in eastern American cities we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out west 500 acres is a small farm, and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation. We need as churches to stop bombarding the old ironclad sinners that have been proof against 30 years of Christian assault, and aim for the salvation of those who have never yet had one warm heart and point blank invitation. There are churches whose buildings might be worth \$200,000, who are not averaging five new converts a year and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting house with tallow candle stuck in wooden socket and a minister who has never seen a college or known the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken hearted or badly beset that they will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian; "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles, they will put 50 in your pew. What are the select few today assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside of them?

At least 8,000,000 people in this cluster of seaboard cities, and not more than 200,000 in the churches. Many of the churches are like a hospital that should

advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run arounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a faria of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea.

Something to Know.

It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major general comes in and says to the doctors, "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there and fanning their patients; "we have three important cases here, and we are attending them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically: "No; I cannot go. I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes today who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation say, "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us cease to have anything to do with Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on their way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to teach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French encyclopedianism and crastinism and complutensianism, we are as impolitic and little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us knows anything as we ought to know. Here are hundreds of thousands of sinning, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them and will save them now. But we go into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not outside of the learned professions 5,000 people in the United States who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definition: "Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none, and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of his universal government can best be attained, reckons that which was done by the substitute, and not on account of anything done by them, but purely upon account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them the full remission of their sins."

The Multitude of Skeptics.

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is. When a sinner believes, God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words, "No admittance." I entered and saw over the next door, "No admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins, very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church, "No admittance." And if the stranger enter he finds practically written over the second door, "No admittance," and if he goes in over all the few doors seems written, "No admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit, hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, common sense way, and laying aside the nonessentials and the hard definitions of religion, go out on the God given mission, telling the people what they need and when and how they can get it.

Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we do not know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ, and hear with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment, and the second is like to this—namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this." And the scribe said to him, "Well, master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love him with all the heart, and all the understanding, and all the soul, and all the strength, is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly he said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a skeptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the skeptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take him with the iron pinchers of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on him as if you knew by what process he

had lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men skeptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day of the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip hammer. They were surfeited with prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were often told they were the worst boys the parents ever knew because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." When ever father and mother talked of religion, they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy or girl to ruin sooner than another, that is it. I had had such a father and mother, I fear I should have been an infidel. When I was a boy in Sunday school, at one time we had a teacher who, when we were not attentive, struck us over the head with a New Testament, and there is a way of using even the Bible so as to make it offensive.

Others were tripped up of skepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Many years ago they lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did there was no sign of oil produced, but the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder, and the treasurer was an Episcopal vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader, and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were gotten out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little they all said, "I don't know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church."

So they bought the stock and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after awhile they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president and different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or ill health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man looking over his old papers comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the presidents and trustees and directors of that oil company professed. Of course their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical and unwise. I am told that many of the United States army desert every year, and there are thousands of court martials every year. Is that anything against the United States government that swore them in? And if a soldier of Jesus Christ desert, is that anything against the Christianity which he swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Oh, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders. Live in the presence of others a frank, honest, earnest Christian life, that they may be attracted to the same Saviour upon whom your hopes depend.

Questions Unanswered.

Remember skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon, Nov. 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity or how God can be sovereign and yet man a free agent. Neither can I. They say, "I don't understand why a good God should have let sin come into the world." Neither do I. You say, "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say, "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet that blistered way. The first word which most children learn to utter is, "Papa," or "Mamma," but I think the first word I ever uttered was, "Why?" I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour. Such men are not to be scoffed, but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore, and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down, rather than turn your back scoffingly on a skeptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones possibly can be. Oh, skepticism is a dark land. There are men in this house who would give a thousand worlds if they possessed them to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These skeptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily effective, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity.

Thomas Chalmers was once a skeptic. Robert Hall a skeptic, Robert Newton a skeptic, Christmas Evans a skeptic. But when once with strong hand they took hold of the chariot of the gospel they rolled it on with what momentum! If I address such men and women to-day, I throw out no scoff. I plead them by the memory of the good old

days, when at their mother's knee they said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine at just the right time and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust soothed away your pain, and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that lying couch, where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul—by all that I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow, and lacerated hand, and whipped back, and saying, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Life Savers.

Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern nations, like those of North America and England and Scotland—that is, in the colder climates—are devastated by alcoholism. They take the fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so warm they are not tempted to fiery liquors. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong, the church drops him; the social circle drops him; good influence drops him; we all drop him. Of all the men who get off track, but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery for getting people off shipwrecks. One summer I saw there 15 or 20 men who were breakfasting after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the lifeboats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men. We have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us we are laboriously trying to show the difference between subslaparianism and supralaparianism, while they have a thousand vapors of remorse and despair coiling around their immortal spirits! The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men whose proclivities are all right, and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help he will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary, God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven and a million angels with drawn swords. Get 100 such redeemed men in each of your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm hearted and enthusiastic.

A Great Mission.

Furthermore, the destitute children of the streets offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared for children are in the majority in most of our cities. Their condition was well illustrated by what a boy in this city said when he was found under a cart gnawing a bone and some one said to him, "Where do you live?" and he answered, "Don't live nowhere, sir!" Seventy thousand of the children of New York city can neither read nor write. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and groghops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and infolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwells island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. New York Tombs cannot do it. Sing Sing cannot do it. People of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it. Get somewhere, somehow, to work!

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I don't care how you mount, your war charger if you only get into a battle for God, and get there soon, right stirrup, or left stirrup, or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation?

I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179, a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that you could be so mighty in prayer and work that you would become a thundering legion before which the forces of sin might be routed and the gates of hell made to tremble. All aboard now on the gospel ship! If you cannot be a captain or a first mate, be a stoker or a deckhand, or ready at command to climb the ratlines. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shining shore will welcome us into harbor. And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."



KEEP THEM OUT—all those germs, the seeds of disease, that are trying day and night to get a foothold in your system. You can't do it, unless your liver is active. That is all you have to depend upon, to keep them out of your blood. The very best medicine for the liver and the blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Take that when you're getting thin, when you have pimples or eruptions, when you're no appetite and feel "run-down" (these are warning signals)—and you'll save yourself from serious illness.

Franklin, Lane Co., Oreg.
World's Dispensary Medical Association: Gentlemen—My wife, of whom I wrote you, is another woman as far as her health is concerned; since taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purifier," she says she feels better than she has for years. She has gained twenty-five pounds in three months.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.
\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELED CALF.
\$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
\$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S, EXTRA FINE.
\$2.17 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
\$3.25 \$2.17.50. BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKLYN, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by

BARRON & HAMBLET, BARTON.
HOYT & HARRIS, Barton Landing.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price \$1. By Druggists or mail. Sample free. Address: "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

Over 500 Banks

Closed their doors in the face of depositors within the last year.

Not One

Regular Life Insurance Co.

Asked delay in payment of a just claim.

Could anything more clearly demonstrate the desirability of

Life Insurance as an Investment?

Please to remember, however, that its chief benefit, and its highest mission, is protection to the dependent ones.

We Offer Very Desirable Plans on Liberal and Definite Terms.

Conn. General Life Insurance Co.

ORLEANS CO. AGENTS:

CHAS. GRAVES, Barton.
D. M. CAMP, Newport.
C. P. EWINS, No. Troy.

G. H. SMALLEY, Gen. Agt., Burlington.

BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF TRADE MARK FOR PAIN
Prepared by the Norway Medicine Co., Norway, Mo.
It is found to be the only medicine strictly as directed on the inside wrapper. Try a bottle. Sold by all dealers.

READ THIS

Ye Skeptics!

A VERY VALUABLE REMEDY. While suffering recently from a severe cold, resulting in great pain in the lungs, with all the symptoms of consumption, a friend recommended Brown's Instant Relief. A single dose relieved the acute pain, and continuing its use for a short time, the cold, attended with a severe cough, was completely "broken up." I have since used it in my family for colds, with instant beneficial results. I consider Brown's Instant Relief a very valuable remedy.

Augusta, Me. S. W. MATTHEWS, Com. of Labor for Maine.

IRASBURGH GRIST-MILL!

Here I am again, just commencing my second year in the Grist-Mill business, and I will try and furnish

Feed

so as to make it

An Object for You

to give me a call. I have

Cotton Seed, Corn, Corn Meal, Cracked Corn, Shorts, Mixed

Feed, Provender, Pratt's

FOOD

and a good line of FLOUR. I make a specialty of Table Meal and Graham. All my goods delivered round the Village Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

I am also Agent for the Lumber Mill and will buy your logs and boards, and exchange my feed for lumber at same prices as for cash. Grinding by roller process and to order.

W. F. BREWSTER.

CASH BASIS.

Our purpose, as announced some ago, to run business on a practical

CASH basis, has given very satisfactory results. We now confidently expect

with the cooperation of our friends patrons, to keep in a complete line

seasonable goods, which we will sell at the lowest living prices, thus giving

customers the benefit of money saved from long standing and poor accounts

Thanking you for past favors we hope to merit a continuance of your patronage.

I. Stephenson, Lowell, Vt.

Bargains

at

Gray's Cash Store

East Albany.

Men's Scotch Caps, 19c.

Boys' Caps, 19c.

Children's Heavy Merino Underswear, 19c.

Boys' Heavy Wool Mittens, 19c.

Everything at rock bottom prices.

Come and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

H. E. Gray

Feb. 11, 1895.

L. C. COLBURN, AGENT FOR

Delsarte Corset Waist Brace.

Measures carefully taken and perfect fit guaranteed.

OVER DAVIS' STORE, BARTON, VT.

STATEMENT

SHOWING THE CONDITION OF THE

Orleans Trust Co.

Newport, Vt.,

At Close of Business, Jan. 1, 1895.

RESOURCES:

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Loans on First Mortgages | \$217,492.1 |
| Loans with Mortgages as Collateral | 12,908.4 |
| Loans on other Collateral Security | 7,678.1 |
| Personal Notes | 76,444.0 |
| Municipal Bonds at par | 6,300.0 |
| Ten Shares Stock Newport National Bank at par | 1,000.0 |
| Ten Shares Stock Island Pond National Bank at par | 1,000.0 |
| Loans to Towns, Villages and School Districts | 1,508.3 |
| Real Estate for foreclosure | 1,456.9 |
| Furniture and Fixtures | 500.0 |
| Interest due and accrued | 5,770.4 |
| Cash on deposit in National Banks | 36,330.3 |
| Cash on hand | 8,845.5 |
| Total | \$668,943.4 |

LIABILITIES:

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| Capital Stock paid in | \$50,000.00 |
| Due 1316 Depositors | \$14,634.82 |
| Treasurer's Checks outstanding | 1,000.00 |
| Due State of Vermont, Taxes | 803.41 |
| Unearned Discounts | 140.38 |
| Undivided Profits | 1,185.50 |
| Total | \$668,943.40 |

C. A. PROUTY, P. J. FARREL, President. Treasurer.

Iron and Steel,

Blacksmith's Coal,

Horseshoe Nails,

Chains, etc.,

for sale

Strictly for Cash on Delivery,

at

J. W. MURKLAND'S.

Have just put in a large stock of Leather Belting of all widths, such as mill men are likely to want, Lacings, Belt Hooks and Files.